

Of Birds and Bees

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Summary: Jingle and Pashmina oneshot. Lame, but cute!

READITREADITREADIT!

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****OH-YEAH! I am the oneshot queen! That's right! I'm rolling out another one! Credit for this story should be paid to my BFF Emily! I hope I make you proud Emily! And yes, I know that my pen name goes against it, but I really felt like doing a Pashy/Jingle fic, so deal with it! Read on and review or be eaten by my herds of carnivorous shark-people! This is cappyandpashy4ever stopping the author's note and actually getting to work! Signing off.****

Of Birds and Bees

Pashmina paced the floor of her room, talking to herself.

"Today is the day. The day I will finally ask Jingle to go out with me!" she spoke, clearly and with flames of confidence in her eyes. She stepped outside into the hallway and began to walk towards Jingle's room. She knocked on the door. Nor response. "Jingle?" Pashmina said, entering the room. It was empty.

Pashmina sat down on Jingle's bed. "Oh, now I'll never get the chance." She spied a note on top of his dresser. "Oo, what's this?" she asked, picking up the paper.

_Dear ham-hams, _

Went to the poetry club for inspiration.

Be back soon.

Jingle

"It looks like he just wrote this!" exclaimed Pashmina, feeling the wet ink. "Maybe I still have a chance!" In a flash she was outside and sprinting away.

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"Ah, the poetry club. My old friend." Jingle said to no one in particular. He stared at a two liter soda bottle with a precariously placed sign that read "The soda can" He entered. Tables and chairs were scattered about. The entire place was dimly lit, casting mysterious shadows on the many faces of poetic hamsters that came to enjoy the inspirational value. Jingle scanned his eyes over the place. He looked to the right nothing interesting. The middle contained nothing of choice either. He looked to the left and found nothing again. He stared into the middle again, and there was the familiar face of Pashmina, smiling at him from a dusty little table.

"Hmm, I could have sworn, nah." Sighed Jingle, taking a seat across from Pashmina.

"Ohâ€¦Jingleâ€¦" gasped Pashmina as if she had run the whole way. "What bringsâ€¦you to thisâ€¦place?"

"Well, I always come here for a little poetry." Replied Jingle, strumming his guitar. "How about you? Why are you here?"

"Ohâ€¦sameâ€¦reasonâ€¦wheeze." She choked, not listening to what she was saying.

"Really? You like to write poetry too?" Jingle sounded shocked. "Can I hear some of your work?"

"Ohâ€¦um," Pashmina invented something quickly. "I have to, um, edit, so it won't be ready until tomorrow."

"Cool. I'll be waiting." Jingle said, walking away from the table.

"Great." She said out loud to herself. "Now I've got until tomorrow to come up with a great poem. I stink at poetry!" And with that, Pashmina rushed out of the club, knowing she had a long night ahead of her.

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BEEP! Pashmina leapt out of bed to the annoying buzz of her alarm clock. She had only a few minutes to get dressed and such, when a hamster with a Mohawk entered her room.

"I'm here for that poem you promised me!" Jingle announced, holding out his paws like a small child wanting a present.

"What poem- oh! That poem! Of course! I have it!" said Pashmina, crossing her fingers behind her back. The truth? She had nothing.

"Sweet." Responded Jingle, beaming at her, which made her blush. "Where is it?"

"um, here." Said Pashmina, pointing to a random spot over her shoulder.

"In your head?" asked Jingle. "Oh! I get it! You worked so hard that you got it memorized! Recite it to me, please!"

"Uh, okay." Pashmina agreed, thinking rapidly.

There was a tree A lovely tree And on that tree

There was a bee

A yellow bee

A bee so free

A bee that flies

Through all the skies

But in this time

He sat on that tree

That lovely tree

The tree, the tree

Pashmina finished with her paws over her face. That was the most horrible this she'd ever heard! Jingle was going to think she was a complete idiot!

Jingle looked Pashmina strait in the eye. "Thatâ€|wasâ€|(dramatic pause) AWESOME!"

Pashmina wiped a few beads of sweat off her forehead. Phew!

"Can you show me more of your brilliant work?" requested Jingle.

"Umâ€|" started Pashmina. "I would but, I have to um, go think of an excuse for leaving!"

With that, she raced into her room, slamming the door behind her.

"That was close!" she said, leaning against her wall. "I almost embarrassed myself in front of my crush."

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Jingle leaned against the opposite wall. "It's sure good I didn't embarrass myself in front of Pashmina! Then she'd never like me."

****Ooo! So they both liked each other the entire time! Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this plotless oneshot! Sayonara and don't forget to review! â€"cp4ever****

End
file.